

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal
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W. P. WALTON.

TRACKS OF CRIME.
ALL CRIMINALS VIOLATE LAW ACCORDING TO CERTAIN RULES.
No Original Ideas Among the Law-Breaking Classes—The Certainty with Which Crime Averages Up—Short-Sightedness of Rogues.

[Detroit Free Press.]
"The study of crime brings forth some curious facts," observed an old detective the other day. "While you may know just how a certain shot in billiards ought to be made, it may not be possible to make it successfully. So with our business. We may be able to pick up all the clues in a murder case, but the next thing is to catch the murderer."

"What are your curious facts?"
"One of them is that all criminals commit crimes after certain rules. It is rarely, indeed, that you find a crook working on an original idea. The burglar works after the style of 100 years ago. The thief has no new ideas. All our murders are committed after what might be called the old-fashioned way. I sometimes wish some offender would develop something new in law-breaking. For instance, I can point you to a case where as many as thirteen attempts have been made to enter a certain residence within the last two years, and each attempt at the same window with the same tools. Isn't that monotonous?"

"Another of the curious facts is that crime averages up with as much certainty as the weather or the crops. If it rains one month it will lose the next. If it falls off in one season it will pick up at another, so that your figures for one year will not vary greatly from another, except there are special reasons for it. We send about as many criminals to prison each year; about so many give us the slip; about so many commit their first offense, have a close shave from state prison and are frightened into leading honest lives."

"A third curious fact is the shortsightedness of criminals, even when crime is deliberately planned. In a murder case in the interior of the state last year you remember the murderer claimed that some one reached into the bedroom window and hit his wife with a club, the blow causing her death. In his confession, made in four or five days, he acknowledged that he had been planning this crime for weeks. Now see how blind he was. The window-sash was nailed down at each corner. He broke one nail and left the other! He was made to see that no man, no matter what his height, could have reached into the window far enough to strike any one on the bed, even with a hoe-handle. In planning his perfect safety, he committed half a dozen of the stupidest blunders ever read of."

"Take the case of the average burglar. It comes to be known around his usual haunts that he breaks for cash. Indeed, he volunteers the information himself, makes a haul and returns to give himself dead away by his reckless extravagance.
It is the same with the common thief. If he would steal and hide his plunder for awhile he would give us more hard work, but the idea with him seems to be that if he is not nabbed in the very act he has nothing to fear. He can't wait to dispose of his plunder, and his manner of offering it for sale is a giveaway in itself. The thief that takes caution of course, but the oldest of them drop foot-prints here and there."

"See how easy it is to draw a war map of crime! The bond robber will sooner or later seek to negotiate with bankers or brokers. The store robber will work his silk and velvet off at auction. He may not personally, but his 'fence' will. The clerk or cashier, who is embezzling from \$1,000 to \$5,000 per year, will spend it in wine, cards, horses, and with every company. When he makes a grab of \$10,000 you can depend upon his going to Canada or Mexico. The thief who steals a harness, silver pitcher, garden hose or other article, wants the cash for it right away, and you may figure on turning him up at some second-hand store or the pawn-broker's."

"The rule of crime are as plain as the iron tracks of a railroad. You can figure to a moral certainty what a criminal should do and will do, but that isn't causing him. There hasn't been a murder committed in Michigan for twenty years without my feeling morally certain as to the murderer, but what I feel and prove to be convict are two different matters."

"And one of the curious facts is that so many criminals give themselves away. Not one man in thirty can commit murder without eventually sharing his secret with some one. The burden of guilt seems too great for one pair of shoulders. Some criminals will overdo the thing, and by the violence of their protestations excite suspicion. Others show guilt by timidity, and yet others by their show of indifference or cheek. I have picked up an offender on the street with no other clue than his manner of glancing at his fellow pedestrians. I have arrested others who looked everybody in the face as frankly as if they felt it a crime to steal a strawberry. They were overdoing the thing by too much frankness."

"Tell me to-day the name of a man in any certain business whom you have reason to believe is hard up and cannot pull through his financial straits, and I can tell pretty closely as to what will result. If he belongs to a certain class there will be an honest assignment. If to another certain class there will be a bogus chattel mortgage, or some of the stock will be smuggled away. If to a third, there will be an incendiary fire to secure the insurance. You can count on these ruts in crime as certainly as upon the seasons, but the criminal who follows them very often gets to the end of the furrow and takes a new departure before he can be overtaken."

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This name has become so familiar with the most of people throughout the United States that it is hardly necessary to state that he is the originator of the great Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, the people's favorite remedy, wherever known, for Coughs, Colds, Consumption and all affections of the Throat and Lungs. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

GEO. O. BARNES
Continues His Notes on What He Saw in Paris.

ALWAYS PRAISING THE LORD.
[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]
"PROSPECT POINT," LANDOUR, N. IN-1
DIA April 22, 1885.]

DEAR INTERIOR.—I send another installment of my diary:
PARIS, Monday, Feb. 16.—We put in the time famously to-day, visiting the Trocadero first, one of the pleasure places of the last Empire; built in exquisite taste on high ground fronting the Champs de Mars and only separated from it by the Seine. The most notable thing in its lovely grounds is a subterranean grotto aquarium, where lightshines through the tanks from above, and, than which, nothing nearer fairy land can be imagined.

Then across the Seine by one of Napoleon on the last bridges and across the Champs de Mars to the great man's tomb in the Hotel des Invalides. More impressed than ever with its unapproachable grandeur. By far the most striking of the varied sights in beautiful Paris.

Then we went to San Clothilde, a church containing along its walls 14 engravings of sculpture, in bas relief, illustrating the trial and crucifixion of our LORD. Wonderful for graphic power of grouping and exquisite finish. The church is handsome, but one only cares to look at its Chateau d'Ouvre, for how can we carry away from any one place more than a single thing where there are so many to visit. Studying up the minutiae of each spot, in a guide book, as some do, would drive me frantic, unless I had a day apiece to give to all the notable sights. But Paris in 5 days! One must economize eye and brain or get worse than nothing in the chaos of confusion consequent on the hopeless attempt to take it in.

Next we went to San Sulpice. Its wonders are the prodigious oil paintings (averaging 40 feet high by 15 broad) that adorn its side chapels and extend on both sides of the prodigious structure. In a sort of sanctum sanctorum at the head of the cross like plan of the building, a sculpture of the virgin and Child as if in a great cave or grotto, yet with brilliant supernatural light flooding the recess with a peculiar radiance, is very fine indeed. This is one of the very notable churches in Paris, quite unique in its majestic supporting pillars especially. They are square and wonderfully massive.

When Vernon and I were here in the summer we wouldn't go into the Morgue, just at the rear of Notre Dame, because we didn't wish to be horrified. But curiosity overpowered us all this time and we risked it. I went in first to report and finding to my great relief there were no bodies exposed I called the rest in. As most of us know this is the "dead house" of Paris, where suicides and murdered persons are exposed for recognition by friends. It is built on the apex of the same island in the Seine where the venerable Notre Dame stands its rear buildings just before it. The horrible appliances are contained in every room, divided down its centre lengthwise by a plate glass screen. Through this, one looks on a series of iron framed stretchers or couches, slanted at an angle of 45 degrees, so that the exposed bodies can best be inspected. Ten or twelve of these, happily empty, were ranged at convenient intervals, down the whole length of the glass screen. A window at the back looking out upon the Seine, where its turbid waters are divided by the wedge shaped point of the island, furnishes ingress to the ghastly bundles of dead humanity so often hoisted from boats and passed through its hideous portals. On a wooden screen just inside the doors and hiding the interior from the passing crowd, there hangs a frame containing perhaps a hundred photographs of unclaimed and unknown dead, taken in all the horrors of face and feature, just as they were brought in from river or street. One could but study the pictures with a sort of horrible fascination. Among them all I saw but one face that death had set a stamp of peace and rest upon. It was in singular contrast with the awful agonized, horror-stricken countenances of the rest. Generally they looked as if a vision of demons had burst upon them in the supreme moment of the separation of the soul and body, as if the deathless soul, aware of what was irrevocably done, filled with hopeless remorse, had, before departure, left the impress of the dreadful moment on the poor body for a warning to all onlookers. But this one face, of a strikingly handsome young man, looked as if he had gone quietly to sleep and were dreaming of someone he loved. A half smile of contentment, a look of restful gladness, as peaceful a face as one could wish to look upon. I wonder who he was. He was "No 66"—something. That was all. In a book of records in this grim office, opposite "66"—something—is the registry of when, where and by whom he was found murdered, drowned, poisoned or went not, his place of sepulchre and any item of information pertaining to a possible recognition of the body. He was still unclaimed.

When recognized by friends or the mysery in any way cleared up, the picture will be extracted from the frame and another take its place and number.

We hurried away from the fearful place, glad to get into the street so full of busy

life and breathe some other air than that of the ghastly charnel house. God keep any one I love from turning up at this Morgue, or any other of its dreadful kind. I could fill each one of these narrow cradles with an occupant, in imagination, as once I laid a body in each one of the horrid coffin shaped tables I saw ranged in a Chicago medical dissecting room. I can see them all now after ten years have passed.

After the Morgue—Pere la Chaise finished the busy day. Hunted up Abelard and Heloise, of course, and a few of the rest and saw what one could in an hour. I cannot rave over Pere la Chaise. It is a closely packed city of the dead, in endless avenues of the most ungraceful tombs I have anywhere seen. Nearly all like the gable of a marble or stone house 8 or 10 feet high by 3 or 4 wide, ungraceful, stiff and apparently used as a receptacle of dowerer wreaths of immortelles. They were burying a famous socialist while we were there and the mob was something tremendous. (I saw by the papers the next morning that we narrowly escaped witnessing a riot that might have resulted in something very serious but for the forbearance of the authorities.)

After dinner we took 'bus and came up for a stroll in the Palais Royal. I had never conceived anything so dazzling, (familiar as I was with the display in London shops) as the windows of these famous jewelry stores. It was the wonder working Aladdin's lamp that had surely been spreading out these attractions for the eye; yet not the trite of gold, but the elegant refinement of human ingenuity that had distributed these glittering jewels and treasures of gold and silver to attract purchasers. We looked till the glitter wearied us, and then went home and slept as tired tourists in Jesus.

GEO. O. BARNES.
THE "WOLSELEY GANG."

A War Correspondent Explains the "Inwardness" of the Devoted Group.

[Archibald Forbes.]
The key note to the constitution of that group of devoted adherents who have come to be designated as the "Wolseley gang," I take to be its completeness for the functions which it has to perform whole. In each of its constituent elements, its compounder—if I may use the expression—has discerned some specific attribute, of which, when the occasion calls it into requisition, he shall take astute and purposeful avail. As a whole, then, it is an engine effectively adapted to a wide range of poetical uses. The individual units of that whole do not strike one as by any means, one and all, men of exceptional general military ability. Some of them, indeed, may be called dull men. But never a one of them but has his specialty. One has a genius for prompt organization; another a rare faculty for administration. A third has a winning manner and a good address, a fourth is the scout of scouts. You may wonder what Wolseley can see in so-and-so that he has them always with him. Watch events long enough, and time will furnish you with the answer. This man, perhaps of no great account for ordinary purposes, has a strange gift, when there is doubt in regard to some line of action, of defining the right course in a single rugged, trenchant, pithy sentence that carries conviction; him, one may say, Wolseley keeps just to help him to make up his mind.

This other man has seemingly no attribute at all, save inertness, a love for gazing on the wine when it is red, and the cultivation of strong language. But he too has his gift. Arrange for him a plan of attack, set everything in order, tell him that all is ready, and that he may go to work. Then you can discern for what Wolseley has enrolled him in the gang. He draws his sword, he lets a roar out of him fit to wake the dead, he comes a veritable gun of battle—a lambent thunderbolt of war; he radiates from him the mysterious, irresistible magnetism that inspires men to follow him, ay, to use the rough soldier phrase, "through hell and out at the farther side." The dead ones, the conqueror wipes and sheathes his sword, mops his forehead, sighs for a big drink, and is conspicuous no more till he shall be wanted again.

The Noted Perique Tobacco.

[Cor. Rural New Yorker.]
There are many peculiarities concerning the growth and curing of this noted tobacco, which are not generally understood, and one or two points are not readily accounted for. In the first place, it has been repeatedly demonstrated that genuine Perique tobacco cannot be produced outside of St. James parish, Louisiana. It is there grown on a peculiar ridge known as Grand Point ridge, situated about one mile north of the Mississippi river, and running parallel with it. This ridge is about seven miles long and from one-half to two miles wide. On a portion of it is now a settlement of about 200 persons, and most of the Perique factories are here.

Tradition has it that many years ago, when the whites first began to settle in this locality, an estimable old French gentleman named Pierre Chenet, came to live somewhere in the vicinity of this ridge. He soon acquired the friendship of an Indian chief, whose tribe dwelt and hunted on the shores of Lake Maurepas near this ridge. These Indians cultivated small patches here and there, and among other things they raised tobacco. Mr. Chenet found they had a peculiar method of curing tobacco, which made a very superior article, and he learned all the details of the process. They gave him the sobriquet of "Perique." In quest of more game and less white men, the Indians gradually left for other regions.

Mr. Chenet continued to raise tobacco and cure it by the secret Indian method, first for himself, then for his friends and neighbors, to whom he afterwards taught the process. The exquisite fragrance and flavor of this tobacco finally attracted attention abroad. It was named "Perique" after Mr. Chenet, who introduced it, and ever since that time its cultivation and manufacture have been continued in that locality.

HALLS GAP, LINCOLN COUNTY.

Tolbert Martin has about completed his residence and will celebrate the great event with a big dance next Tuesday night.

Chas. Ware sold a milk cow to W. E. Dawes for \$40, and Wm. Fields sold several car-loads of lumber to J. W. Ruth, of Cincinnati.

The young fellow who got taken in so completely with the new-fangled plaster of Paris biscuits has about recovered from the effects of his severe gastronomical experiment though he has undergone a great change both mentally and physically since we met him, for he now declares most emphatically that 'girls are of few days and full of mischief and whoever is deceived thereby is not wise.'

Mr. Jas. W. Bastin, of Pittsburg, is here this week. The great and only Pete Chandler honored us with his mighty presence (Saturday). Mrs. Chas. Rice has returned from Cincinnati. Miss Amy Collier, a pretty and attractive young lady of Highland, spent a few days here last week. Miss Emma Stephenson is visiting friends at Danville. Miss Eliza Smyth, one of Pulaski's loveliest young ladies, is at Mr. Jas. Dudderar's. Misses Mollie and Addie Martin are spending a few days with their cousin, Miss Mollie Brady, at Rowland. Miss Lizzie Kirk is at home again and her presence here has made one young man smile once more.

A FUGITIVE ESCAPES.

[Chicago Tribune.]
"My dear," said a rich father to his only daughter, a very fashionable girl, "you are about to be married and I want to talk to you seriously."

"Yes, papa," she said, setting herself on his knee.
"George is a very worthy young man and abundantly able to take care of you; but this is a very uncertain world. Misfortunes may come when we least expect them, and it behooves us to be ready at all times to meet them with a brave and cheerful heart. If, through some chance, your husband should lose his fortune, and be reduced to very humble circumstances, do you think that you could accept the new order of things and help him as a true wife should?"

"How can you ask such a question, you foolish pa, when you know how I adore George?"
"That is all very well," the old man continued; "but could you, educated to a life of luxury, as you have been, voluntarily put aside the past and devote yourself to household duties, such as cooking and mending, and marketing, and—and sweeping, and all that sort of thing?"

"What a foolish, silly papa you are, to be sure," replied the girl, playfully tapping the bald spot on his head, "and how ridiculously you talk. Why, the servants would tend to all these matters."

A Fruit Piece in Zephyr.

[New Orleans Cor. Inter Ocean.]
A novel line of work is called zephyr painting and sculpture. There is a fruit-piece in which all the tints and shading of the peach and its foliage are produced by layers of zephyrs pulled into fibers. The sculpture includes numerous animals, horses, dogs, cats, chickens, even the human face to life in outline, build and color, and is true to the familiar zephyr balls. This made after the fashion of Perrier, Des Moines, and is the only work of the kind in the exposition with the exception of an inferior piece in the Russian exhibit.

Lowering His Dignity.

[Tit-Bits.]
He was wrapped in dignity and an enormous frock coat, and he sailed along with the majesty of a line-of-battle ship under full canvas. Somehow all his dignity and majesty fell from him, as ballstones do from a ball head, when a bootblack went up to him and said, "Mister, you forgot to take off the pawn-ticket off the collar of your coat." The boy didn't wait to be thanked for his information.

At 3 in the Morning.

[Yonkers Statesman.]
"Whew!" exclaimed Crimmonback, surprised on entering his sleeping apartment to find his wife waiting for him the other morning at 3 o'clock, "those stairs almost take my breath away."

"Well, I wish they would," replied his displeased wife, catching the odor of the club man's evening beverage.

Cider is called by a new essayist, "wine with the bar shifter."

A Word for the Hebrew.

[Dry Goods Bulletin.]
We think there is too much disposition on the part of a large portion of the press and of individuals to express contempt for the mercantile instinct of the Hebrew, and especially the manufacturer of clothing, to buy his materials cheap, for they do not display this characteristic more than others. It is the law of trade to buy as cheaply as possible and sell as dearly as possible, and every class of buyers and sellers do this. The Hebrew as a rule buys more largely for cash than others, and hence is able often to command special advantages, but he is not meaner than other customers, though he may be shrewder often.

The Sandwich Joke Rehashed.

[Chicago Herald.]
A traveler hurried up to the station lunch counter and called for sandwich.
"Sandwich? Yes, sah; leah yo' are!" replied the dusky attendant.
"Great heavens!" exclaimed the traveler, "but there is the same sandwich! Yes, it's the same identical ham that I wrote my initials on when I was here last fall. The only difference is that it is a little dryer, and has a little more dust on it. What do you mean by setting out that old relic?"
"Taint 'zackly fresh, sah, but I think it'll suit yo' taste. It's jist 'bout as 'tale as yo' joke, an' that seems to be the way yo' like 'em. Coffee, sah?"

Cruelty to Poultry.

[Chicago Herald.]
An Indiana poultry house is accused of preparing chickens for market in this fashion: "The fowl is unconsciously jerked by the head from the coop and thrust into scalding water for an instant, then hooked under the bill and suspended in the air for the few seconds it takes the experienced hand to pick its feathers. When picked clean it is placed into the ice-box, where almost invariably the scalded and tortured thing writhes and cackles with agony until it is finally overcome by pain and expires."

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GRATITUDE!

Editors Atlanta Constitution:—

Below we hand you a letter from a grateful heart, which we want to be published in the *Analyst*, *Texan*, *Enterprise*, without our knowledge or solicitation, and we desire to give it publicity through your columns.

We Earnestly Entreat Every Suffering Woman who Sees This to Read it Carefully and well.

Moravian Falls, N. C., Nov. 25, 1884.
MR. EDITOR:—"An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure," and a pound of cure is better than a shipload of argument in your columns. I saw some time ago an advertisement of a medicine called Bradfield's Female Regulator and the wonderful results from its use; and as my wife had been a sufferer, and an invalid for FIFTEEN YEARS from prolapsus and congestion of the womb and painful menstruation and the doctors could do her no good, I was persuaded to try the remedy. So I sent for two bottles, and the result was so improved so much that I sent for another package and she is now able to do her household work and goes about wherever she pleases. I am confident she is permanently cured. I sent for a lot of this wonderful Female Regulator to sell, and every bottle that I have disposed of has given complete satisfaction, and the results are in every case all that could be desired.

With thanks to the *Enterprise*, which called my attention to it and to the Bradfield Regulator Co., the proprietors of this great boon, I am gratefully yours,
J. W. DAVIS.

P. S.—You can publish this or not, as you see fit, but for the benefit of women, I hope you will.

Any one who doubts the genuineness of the above can write to Mr. Davis, who will give all particulars.

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W. P. WALTON.

THE *Courier-Journal* is making some strong arguments against the licensing of crime, which the allowance of bail in murder cases by Circuit Judges virtually amounts to. The immediate occasion of the articles is the recent action of Judge Finley in granting bail to Johnson, the cowardly assassin who waylaid and murdered in Bell county Mr. Napier and daughter as they were returning from church. The Judge's excuse for allowing bail was that a precedent had been established to that end, but as he is responsible for that precedent the act is none the less reprehensible unless we assume that two wrongs make a right. Judge Finley has made an enviable reputation in dealing with a certain class of law-breakers, namely the whisky sellers, upon whom he visits the severest penalty of the law, but this leniency to murderers, the worst enemies of the Commonwealth, is a blot on his fair fame, that no other performance of duty can counterbalance. It is a pandering to the lawless and murderous spirit which prevails in several of the counties of this district, which has done more than any one thing to foster crime. Perhaps the safety of his person demands that he shall show this deference to murderers; if so it is a fearful state of affairs and he would do well to refuse to hold court until all the protection of the Commonwealth is afforded him. Johnson hardly deserved the form of a trial, let alone such consideration as bail, and to turn him loose upon society was a crime against the moral if not he statutory law. We know the disadvantages that Judge Finley labors under and it can only be remedied by giving the Governor power, as our contemporary suggests, to order a judge from one circuit to another, when in his judgment a change would promote the ends of justice.

THE Sayre Female Institute at Lexington dispensed with the usual essays at commencement this year and other institutions might follow the example with profit. The *Press* thinks it a move in the right direction and adds: It is no reflection on female intellect to say that it is an affliction on an audience to sit in a crowded hall, and listen through weary hours to essays written, perhaps, by the sweet girl graduate. It is not reasonable to expect any very new or startling thoughts, or any opinions which would tend to revolutionize an established evil, something at which the "sweet girl graduates" invariably strike. Their scholastic struggle has been with text books, and the opinions which they have formed have necessarily been circumscribed. They have had no time for extended literary research, and as a natural sequence their ideas are crude and their opinions are contracted. Young ladies can not write too much while at college. Every essay they write renders them more perfect in the art of composing, and prepares them a more elegant vehicle for the thoughts which they may in future desire to convey to the public ear. Let them write and rewrite, but do not let the public patient be taxed by listening to them.

THE New York *Sun*, which did all in its power to defeat Cleveland and prevent the change it refers to, is forced to say: "We have now had a democratic administration for three months. The union still exists, no disturbance has occurred, the wheels of the government move smoothly, there has not been a single jar. Instead of the danger apprehended from a change, the people find only improvement and more reason for confidence. The mere sweeping out of the republicans from the White House has wrought a great reformation, and when they go generally from the offices the good work will be more emphatic. The South introduces no discord and makes no pretensions, but quietly pursues its path of progress, only happier and more hopeful than before. The freedmen are on better terms with their old masters than ever before since emancipation."

THE Governor has gallantly come to the rescue of Miss Fannie Bryson, a young lady of Louisville, who shot another because she had lured the affections of her lover from her, and wiped out with a pardon the sentence of a year in the penitentiary, which an unsentimental jury imposed on her.

LOT WRIGHT, that most offensive of partisans, has been ordered down and out of the U. S. Marshalship at Cincinnati and a gentleman placed in his position, Col. Henry C. Urner. Col. Urner is a lawyer by profession and was formerly president of the Chamber of Commerce.

THE New York *World's* last Sunday edition reached 162,505, to print which required 54,893 pounds of paper, or a continuous sheet 334 miles in length. No other office in the world consumed as much and the edition was the largest ever printed in the Western hemisphere.

THERE are 700 applicants for the position of internal revenue agent and as there are but 29 such places in all the States, 680 poor devils are doomed to disappointment. But a man who lives by the hope of office should die by it.

LIGHTNING struck the Washington monument the other day and split the capstone and one below for four feet. They will have to be replaced, and it will add greatly to the already heavy cost of the structure, which was \$1,100,000.

ISAAC PALMER CALDWELL, of Louisville, who it seems had nothing to assign, was made an assignment.

THE English Government is all torn up. The Parnellites refused to support the budget proposed by the Gladstone Ministry, which contemplated the re-enactment of what is considered obnoxious laws for the government of Ireland, and it was defeated by a small majority. Gladstone and the other members thereupon tendered their resignations to the Queen. An additional tax on beer and whisky is what excited the impulsive populace and gave the opposition grounds for charging oppression on the poor man.

THE President has appointed ex-Senator Attila Cox, of Owenton, to be Collector of Internal Revenue for the 5th district. Of him the *Louisville Times* says: As merchant, banker and legislator, he has made an enviable record, and it is no disparagement of the other excellent gentlemen who sought the appointment to say that no better selection could have been made. A thorough business man, industrious, courteous and capable, Mr. Cox will make a Collector of whom Kentucky and the service may well be proud.

THERE seems now to be no doubt about Mr. James R. Marrs' appointment as postmaster of Danville. Gov. McCreary has recommended him, we learn, and as he is all powerful in such appointments, Mr. Marrs is sure to be the man. A better one could not be found and we predict that the Danville people will say with one accord in a few months, that they have never been more satisfactorily served than by the new postmaster.

THE venerable banker and benefactor, W. W. Corcoran, proprietor of the famous Art Gallery which bears his name, will leave Washington July 1 to visit White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., for the fifty-third successive season. He has been there every summer since 1832, and always takes his own cook with him, which accounts, says an exchange, for his survival beyond the years allotted to most other visitors.

NO OTHER candidate appearing, Hon. Chas. Offutt has been declared the democratic nominee to represent Bourbon county in the next Legislature. As speaker of the last House Mr. Offutt made a reputation as a quick, impartial and well-informed parliamentarian. He is a rising young man and destined to fill many important positions in the gift of his people.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Statistics show that Southern prisons contain 12,000 convicts.

An authority asserts that of the 92,000 insane persons in the United States, 43,000 are not in asylums.

The jury in the case of Mrs. Munday, on trial at Lexington, charged with killing her husband, disagreed.

The total tobacco offering at Paducah last week was 700 hogsheads, the value of which exceeded \$100,000.

G. W. Cockerell, a brakeman on the Kentucky Central, was killed while coupling cars at Cynthia Wednesday.

The republicans met at Springfield, O., to nominate a candidate for Governor and place a general ticket in the field yesterday.

It is estimated that the Illinois wheat crop will be less than 10,000,000 bushels this year, against 32,000,000 bushels last year.

Audemore, the defaulting officer at the Sub-Treasury at New Orleans, has fled to Mexico, where he is interested in some mines.

George K. Speed, bank cashier, of Louisville, is short in his accounts to the amount of \$20,000. Relatives compromised with the bank.

Mrs. Nettie McDermott, a bride of two weeks, suicided at Louisville by drowning from the steamer Diamond, on which herself and husband were employed.

At Keene, in Jessamine county, Roger Riggs, late of Breckenridge county, shot and mortally wounded a man named Baker. They quarreled about a young lady.

The Directors of the Lebanon Creamery held a meeting Monday night, and, in view of the low price of butter, decided to suspend operations till Sep. 1.—[Standard.]

Appointment Clerk Higgins, of the Treasury Department, estimates that since the 4th of March 40,000 changes have been made in the Federal offices in the United States.

Gov. John Ireland, of Texas, in 1845 drove the stage between Louisville and Nashville. He studied law, went to Texas, rose in the profession, and is now Governor.

A Richmond, Va., dispatch says that the motion for a new trial in the case of Thomas J. Cluverius, who murdered his cousin, Miss Lillian Madison, has been overruled.

Controller Durham has decided to withhold the payment of money due by the United States to the State of Mississippi while the latter owes the Government taxes, till the question can receive the attention of Congress.

It is believed that the clerks of the Railway Mail Service are preparing to strike in case any of their number are dismissed. They do not propose to remain and instruct new men and then be turned out of their positions one by one.

At Berea, in Madison county, a fight occurred between William Harris and Mitchell Preston on one side, and James Johnston on the other, in which Johnston shot Harris dead and was in turn instantly killed by Preston. John T. Disney, a friend of Johnston's, then shot at Preston, wounding him. All the parties are desperate characters. Harris and Johnston had been selling whisky on some sort of partnership terms, and falling out had taken their case to court where it was decided in favor of Johnston. Harris and Preston, who had been his witnesses, then went on the hunt for Johnston and provoked the fight.

The body of the late A. H. Stephens was removed from Atlanta to Liberty Hall Wednesday, where the burial took place. Gen. Tombs was the orator.

Harry Somerville, the young man who forged Mrs. Hanson's name for a considerable amount, has been given two years in the penitentiary by the Fayette court.

The testimonials and presents received by Gen. Grant at home and abroad, which were presented to the Government by Mrs. Grant, will be taken to Washington this week.

Mrs. E. H. Tubman, one of the wealthiest and at the same time one of the most charitable women in America, died at Augusta, Ga., aged about 90 years. The deceased was born near Frankfort, Ky.

The buildings of the Eastern Lunatic asylum, at Williamsburg, Va., were destroyed by fire. Loss \$125,000. One female patient perished in the flames, and another wandered away and was drowned.

Suits against ex-Gov. Hale, of New Hampshire, whose failure has been reported, charged him with obtaining various sums of money on false representations, and that he was worth over \$500,000 clear of all indebtedness.

Adjutant General Drum has just completed the list of casualties during the rebellion. The number of deaths was 359,498; of these 29,498 occurred in Southern prisons. The total number of troops engaged during the war was 2,772,408.

The grand jury has returned true bills against the Louisville Press Company, alias Zach. Phelps, alias B. DuPont, publisher of the *Commercial*, Y. E. Allison, managing editor, and George W. Smith, reporter, for uttering criminal libels upon Mayor Reed.

A woman at Chicago has just had a dead child removed from her womb after thirteen years' lodgment there. The operation killed her. The fetus presented a dark color and is about nine inches in length. Most of the muscles had disintegrated, but the skeleton was perfect and intact.

John Stapleton, Jr., the murderer of Callahan Whitt, was taken from the Mt. Sterling jail yesterday to Salyersville, Magoffin county, for trial. There are twelve murder cases on the docket, eleven of which grew out of the above killing. This lawless condition of affairs can be duplicated in one half dozen of the Eastern Kentucky counties and there can be no hope for a betterment until the mountaineers raise more hemp and less murderers.—[Commercial.]

In Calloway county, some time since, Mr. Samuel Stubblefield maliciously shot Mr. Abe Curd and was sent to jail. Mr. Curd recovered from his wounds, and, with malice aforethought, got into a second difficulty and cut his man, as a result of which he joined Mr. Stubblefield in jail. To day the two distinguished participants in malicious misdeeds walked in twin shackles and handcuffs into the penitentiary at Frankfort and began the settlement of their accounts with the State.—[Times.]

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Managed by Jno. B. Fish.

The church at this place has failed to secure a preacher up to this time. This fact does not speak well for Mt. Vernon or its citizens.

A "select" crowd of young folks will "have a picnic" near W. B. Whitehead's Saturday next. The objects to pick all the strawberries they can eat.

Mr. Nicholson has employed Bennett Joplin to assist him in painting on the court-house. It is beginning to show up a nice appearance.

The cemetery at this place is in a shameful condition. A number of the head stones have fallen to the ground, graves have sunken, fences are mostly all gone, briars have grown up and taking it altogether and it is a disgrace to the citizens of the town. But, there are several people here who never expect to die and don't care for any one else.

There have been several Ohio men in this county in the last few weeks looking at lands. Some want farming lands while others seek timber lands suitable for mill purposes. There is plenty of land of either kind in the county, and as these Ohio men all seem to be clever, intelligent gentlemen, we would be glad to see a number of them settle in our midst.

Charley Blazer was arrested yesterday and brought to town and in default of \$500 bail was placed in the county jail. Blazer is charged with obtaining two car loads of poplar lumber from G. G. Mullins, of Roundstone, under false pretenses. He is comparatively a stranger here and public opinion seems to be against him. It is whispered around that there will be several other cases of the same kind brought up against him before he gets out of this case.

John T. Clark, a long time resident of this place, died last Friday night, at 1 o'clock, after a two weeks' illness with pneumonia fever. He was a good citizen and greatly respected by all who knew him. He was an honored member of the Masonic order and was interred with all the honors of the order. The lodges of Brodhead and London came down in goodly number to assist in the burial ceremony. The remains were escorted to its last resting place by members of the order led by the Mt. Vernon brass band. Mr. Clark leaves a wife who has the deepest sympathy of the entire community.

Mrs. W. M. Weber and family, of Knoxville, Tenn., are visiting at Mr. H. Carpenter's. They will stay all summer. Willis Adams, Jr., and family, of Paint Lick, are visiting at Capt. Jack Adams'. Mr. J. W. Miller has gone to Louisville on a business visit. Miss Josie Pettus, of Lexington, is visiting Miss Cleo Williams. Hon. George Denz, Sr., of Lancaster, was in town during the week. Miss Sallie Whitehead has returned from a visit at Williamsburg. Miss Ida Adams is at Alton. Miss Mamie Martin, of Brodhead, is visiting at this place. John Green is back home again.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

The K. C. Railroad will begin running a through line stock train on next Saturday. Will run Tuesdays and Saturdays during the season.

The Lawn Party given by the Juvenile Club Wednesday evening was quite well attended by the young folks, all of whom say it was very pleasant indeed.

Col. Thos. S. Bronston, the new Collector for this district, was in Lancaster this week getting acquainted with the people. He will probably take charge of the office the first of July.

Messrs. Sam Engleman, J. W. Miller, G. D. Burdett, J. H. Woodcock, Joe Sandifer, R. A. Burnside and J. M. Duncan composed a crowd that left for Kentucky River on a fishing excursion Wednesday morning. They took with them all necessary articles for camping out and will be away several days. Mons. Scott Buchanan was chief cook.

The temperance meetings conducted by Dr. N. W. Tracy, of Mt. Sterling, continue to draw large and interested audiences at the court-house each evening, and many of the "boys" are sporting the blue ribbon. He delivers his celebrated lecture, "The Mississippi of Intemperance," at the City Hall this (Friday) evening, and will illustrate it with 120 feet of canvass. In the forenoon, at the Presbyterian church, interesting gospel meetings are held.

Miss Jennie B. Lackey left Thursday for a protracted visit to friends in Missouri. Mrs. Nellie Crumless and son, of Kingston, Tenn., are visiting Mrs. Geo. Smith. Mrs. R. L. Grinnman, of St. Louis, is visiting Mrs. W. R. Bush. Mrs. T. H. Ellis, of Bardonia, and Mrs. Pinkie Bankofsky, of Louisville, are with Mrs. R. C. Farris who is quite ill. James Brooks, the heart-smashing Richmond dude, was in town Tuesday. Mr. A. G. Daniel and family have removed to Charlotte, N. C. and will make that place their home in the future. Miss Irene Dillion, of Crab Orchard is a guest of Miss Fannie Huffins.

Booming President Jarman.

President Mark Jarman, our colored aspirant for Legislative honors, is so proud of the following letter from a friend in Paducah, that he "put up" for its publication. The old man has an abiding faith that Mr. Watterson will send him a half barrel or so of money, in which event he thinks that he can lay both Miller and Bobbitt in the shade.

Mr. Mark Jarman, Esq., Hustonville, Ky. Hon. Sir and Friend: I have just learned with delight that you have consented to allow your name to be used as candidate to represent the proud old county of Lincoln. This is a time in our history in which we need and must have good and efficient men at the helm of the ship of State in order that she may be steered safely from the breakers of bankruptcy and crime into which she has drifted under the guidance of probably well-meaning but unskillful Legislators. I think also that your candidacy fills a long felt want, one that the papers of your county, in fact all over the State, have been demanding and howling about for months—a good man to represent them in the Legislature—that they now have if they will only cease this incessant clamor and go to work and elect you, which I sincerely hope they will do. I shall write my uncle and friends at Hustonville to leave no stone unturned that will tend to secure your election. If you think it necessary I will come up and do all in my power towards rolling up the majority in your favor by making speeches, etc., in your favor throughout the county. If money is needed, judging from the tone of the papers in speaking of your candidacy, I think you can secure at least a barrel of it whenever you choose to call for it. But knowing your sterling worth and standing, as well as your ability and powers in the way of silver tongued oratory, I think you will have little need of my poor assistance or any one else's for that matter. It might be well enough, however, to notify Henry Watterson, at Louisville, to order a collection to be taken up to secure or aid in the election of yourself and other good men and have him to send you a half barrel or such a matter in order that you may conduct your canvass on high toned principles. With this precaution I think your opponents will stand as little show as Cole Carpenter's dog did in the renowned contest with your blue blooded canine. My regards to your friend, Mr. John Drye. Begging your pardon for consuming so much of your valuable time from your canvass, I have the honor to be Your True Friend, S. B. CALDWELL, JR. Paducah, May 23d, 1885.

N. B. I would be glad if Mr. Henry Watterson would send me a half barrel or such a matter of money to make my race.

MARK JARMAN.

The "John Brown Scaffolding Company" has been organized in Charlestown, W. Va., where John Brown was executed. The company has a capital of \$1,200, and will manufacture relics from the lumber used in making the scaffold on which John Brown was hung. The wood is now contained in the porch of a dwelling at Charlestown, which has been purchased by the projector of the company.

Please examine the label on which your name is printed and read the amount you owe if you are in arrears.

CURE FOR PILES.

Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, joints and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times, symptoms of indigestion are present, as flatulency, uneasiness of the stomach, etc. A moisture, like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is a very common attendant. Blind, bleeding and itching Piles yield at once to the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the tumors, allaying the itching and affording a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piquette, Ohio. Sold by McRoberts & Stage.

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OUR STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE,

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Carriages, Barouches, Phaetons, Buggies, Surreys, Jaguar Wagons, Buck Boards, Road Carts, &c.

These Goods are all Strictly First-Class, from the Best Manufactories,

—AND—

Are Sold on Their Merits, WITH A GUARANTEE.

We Buy for CASH and Propose to Give our Customers the Benefit of our Discounts.

Will Guarantee to Save you from 10 to 25 Per Cent. on every Vehicle. Give us a Call.

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THE LION WROUGHT IRON RANGE.

For Coal or Wood.

This Range is Extra Heavy and is made of the very best Juniata Cast Iron. Has cast top and front, with Entire Wrought Iron Body and Oven. Warming Oven extends under entire length of Range. Automatic Oven shelf. Sectional Fire Linings and Cut Centers. Nickel name plate, knobs and hinge pins. Adjustable side shelf and all modern improvements. Can be arranged with Heater for hot and cold water. Water Box or Heater extra.

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Agents paid in CASH. For 100 subscribers at \$1 each, each \$25 will be paid; for 50 subscribers, \$12; for 25 subscribers, \$6; for 15 subscribers, \$3; for 10 subscribers, \$2; for 5 subscribers, \$1.

Agents wanted in every town and village. Circulars and sample copies free. Send for them.

THE WORLD is the banner Democratic Newspaper of the Union. Every Democrat should read it. Daily, 5c; Semi-Weekly, 2c; Sunday, 1c; Weekly, 1c per year.

We will club the SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL with the Weekly World one year for \$2 75 with the Semi-Weekly World, \$3 40, and with the Daily World for \$7.

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Hunting, Fishing, Bathing and all kinds of recreation for the tourist, invalid or sportsman.

This line runs through the Alleghany Mountains, on the banks of beautiful rivers and terminates at

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Observation Cars on Day Trains. Regular first-class tickets good for stop-over and all can be combined without extra expense. For full information, rates at Hotels, analysis of Medical Springs, Pullman Sleeping Car space, Tickets, &c., call on or address

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to obtain Government Lands free—that are suitable for cleared farming and stock raising—before a change of laws as per bill now pending in Congress.

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A Full and complete assortment of Furniture, embracing everything from the Cheapest to the Finest Parlor Suites. No need to go to the large cities to make your purchases, no matter what quantity or quality you want, as I can and will duplicate any prices you can obtain elsewhere, freight being added. Also a full assortment of Coffins, Cases, Shrouds and Robes, embracing all the New Styles, both cheap and expensive. Ware room opposite St. Asaph Hotel, Stanford, Ky.

THE BROTHERS.

An Entertaining and Instructive Serial Story.

Written Expressly for the Interior Journal.

BY MISS MILDRED LEWIS.

CHAPTER XI.

"He is a gentleman that will speak more in a minute than he will stand in a month," Shakespeare. PHILIP WESTWORTH.

It was the day before the picnic; Chatty was in a flutter of expectancy; she had laid out ready for use the dress to be worn, examined buttons, nooks and eyes, to see that they were all right, tied and knotted corners of ribbon and tripped up and down the stairs a dozen times to be sure that nothing was neglected. She declared that it would rain, it always did at a picnic, then straightway wondered if it would be a pretty day, and with her predictions of everything evil and wishes for everything good, had annoyed Julia no little.

"It is going to rain of course, don't you reckon it will, Julia?"

"I don't know, I hope not."

"I wonder now if it will be a pretty day? I wish it would, I declare it will be a shame if it isn't, don't you think so, Julia?"

"I don't know—that is—I mean yes."

"Well, I rather believe it will be fine, look at that red sky, that's a good sign, now what do you say to that?"

"That I'm glad of it."

"Well, you don't look glad after all your looking forward to the day, you don't seem to care; what is the matter with you, are you ill?"

"Oh no, a little tired that is all, I'll be all right by to-morrow, now go down stairs and leave me a little while, that's a dear," said Julia, lying wearily down and closing her eyes as if to sleep.

"There's something the matter, she's not tired, I'm sure of that," shutting the door and going down stairs.

"Philip has something to do with this; I can see his hand. She's been looking that way ever since they took that walk yesterday evening. What can it be? he can't have asked her to marry him? No!"—shaking her head and screwing up her mouth in the old ridiculous way—"that wouldn't have done it I'm sure."

She went out on the veranda where Philip Westworth sat, smoking. At the sound of her steps he made a move as if to throw away his cigar, but changed his notion when he saw that 'twas only Chatty. A shrewd, intelligent face that would have been handsome, but for a certain look, yet hardly defined, of dissipation and selfishness, richly dressed and indolently graceful, a gay Lothario was Philip Westworth.

"Ah, it is you, is it Chatty?" he said coolly, replacing his cigar, "where is Julia?"

"Up stairs."

"She stays up there a long time, I've hardly seen her to day."

Chatty seated herself but made no answer.

"She isn't sick is she?" he asked, looking at Chatty out of the corners of his eyes.

"No." Silence again.

"I wouldn't look so ill tempered if I were you, why don't you be lovely like Julia?"

"You might like me too well if I was, Philip Westworth, and if it made me as low spirited as Julia is now, I'm not in a hurry for your favor. You've said something to her you needn't deny it; she's looked that way ever since you came in from that walk. Last night she was crying, I know it now, although she tried to keep me from it then. Whatever you said wasn't true, I don't care what it was and you owe it to her to set it right," cried Chatty, out of breath and patience.

"You needn't sit there staring at me in that way I know you with your scheming, always looking out for self; you want make something at this game though, I can tell you."

Philip actually threw away his cigar, then crossing over he took his seat on the piazza by Chatty's side.

"Come Chatty, let's be friends; you never have been fond of me for some reason, maybe it was because I was always plaguing you, calling you ugly, &c, you should have known that I didn't mean it. I always thought you the smartest cousin I had, so practical and that sort of thing, but I loved to tease you. You and I ought to get along handomely, and would if you would only be civil. I have always admired you, to tell the truth about it."

Hawk never watched a bird as Philip Chatty while he spoke, but to change in the invincible Chatty. She sat bolt upright looking into the yard, but what was going on in her little head Philip couldn't tell.

"There's something going wrong here," Philip continued, "I am a cousin and of course feel an, ah, an interest in things."

"Oh you do, do you?" thought the bird.

"There is a low down sort of a fellow in whom Julia is romantic enough to feel an interest, and which in time might grow into something; one is never certain what a girl will do. I remembered with her about it or rather told her that he was in love with another girl; I see him frequently, he goes to Baxter's law school and visits the young lady, a Miss Castle, so often that society couples their names together."

"Ha," thought the bird, "what is this? I'm stumbling on, Edward's brother instead of Edward. What a duncie you are Chatty Darnleigh, I've no respect for you, of course it is he and Edward don't know, that is certain, he's as big a duncie as you."

"You must help me, Chatty," came

Philip's insinuating voice, "that's a dear, tell me all that you can find out about him and, well, her too, it's necessary, you see, and together we'll see what can be done."

"And then, I suppose you think you will stand a chance yourself; well think it if it does you any good," said Chatty archly, getting up at the same time and going over to where her linnets hung in a gilded cage. "Fighting again are you?" she cried, administering correction to a fine looking fellow who screamed and flew up on his perch, "I can never teach you any manners."

"What are you looking at me so for?" asked Philip with a scowl, when a moment later he caught her intent look.

"I was thinking what a cousinly interest you take in our affairs," she said demurely. Philip said something which sounded like "hang it!" then coolly returned to his paper and another cigar.

The morning came and was as lovely as a June morning could be, the sky a deep blue, soft air, birds trying to rival each other in giving it a glad welcome. The Darnleigh carriage stood at the door, the boys champing their bits lazily and pawing at the pavement. Sam, black as a polished fire coal sat on his seat full of great importance.

"Them gurls am takin' lots of time, though," he said stretching his neck to look along the hall, "there they come at last. What has Miss Chatterbox got herself up in that style fur, I wonder? She looks like mudder Hubbard now; what's her mar say? dar now, what did I say," as Mrs. Darnleigh's voice came through the low French windows.

"Chatty, you're a fright; what did you get yourself up in that way for? Why didn't you wear your white dress? you will break my heart going out in that style."

"Well, mama, you'll break mine if you make me take it off, and as I am the one most concerned, I think my wishes ought to be consulted. Julia wears white and I don't want us to look like twins."

"Let the child alone Kate," said Mr. Darnleigh, "she looks well enough."

"She is not a child, James, Chatty is fifteen if she is small; mauve muslin and red ribbons, that horrid pink, her hair in a screw; she's a fright; I've a mind to make her stay at home, I have indeed."

"Tut, tut, she will enjoy herself as well as I in anything else and that is what she is going for."

"One kiss ma for good bye, now one more to show that you're in a good humor," and amid the sound of kissing, fretful expostulations and Mr. Darnleigh's laughter, Chatty ran out for a last look at her linnets.

Julia, in simple, white muslin with blue ash followed her, so very pale and tired looking, with just the suspicion of circles under her eyes, she had never been less brilliant, but never lovelier.

"Like a snow drop and a violet," was Sam's comment, "no wonder Mr. Philip am so testive, the young bantam. I don't like you young man, an ef I wasn't an ole nigger, I'd like to teach you siffin wid my boot toe."

"Stand aside!"

"Yes sah," stepping aside and holding the door while Philip helped the girls in, then took a lounging position on the front seat.

"Climb up!"

"Yes sah!"

"Now look sharp, fellow!"

"Yes sah, I allers does that, des hosses knows, sah, whose got their liner; they knows me and I knows them!"

And away they went, waving their handkerchiefs as long as the house was in sight, and answered by Mr. Darnleigh, who sat at the window.

What a ride! along the smooth pike, past green fields and running streams, hedges filled with birds, which frightened at their approach fled in every direction singing as they went. Gay equipages swept by them full of gaily dressed people, who bowed and smiled and waved their hands to the inmates of the Darnleigh carriage. Sam wouldn't let his horses go out of a steady brist trot, and sat on his box full of the importance worthy of the occasion. When the carriage rolled through the gates into the grounds where the picnic was to be held they could see crowds of people wading among the trees or sitting on benches, or on the soft grass; sounds of gay laughter and conversation were wafted on the air. They had come for pleasure and were trying to get it, each in his own way.

In another part of the grounds white aproned waiters were unpacking hampers, setting tables, making ices, &c. Flowers everywhere, in wreaths, bouquets, mottoes, on the hands of pretty, white robed, bright eyed girls, on coat lapels of beaux, in bandbox attires, and o'er all the June sky and radiant sun. It was like a glimpse into fairy land.

Julia took it all in in one long, rapturous glance; she would rather have enjoyed it without mingling in it she could. Not so with Chatty; her nature was too sociable for that; already her tongue began to flutter in her mouth and her bright eyes to seek out her numerous beaux. Philip helped them out and they joined the others.

Henry and Edward came long before. Edward had introduced his brother with great pride to his school mates, who received him with the greatest respect. He was already known to most of them through Edward, then several who had been in Lexington had brought back flat tering reports of him as a boy of great promise.

"He stands in front of a brilliant career, mind what I tell you," said one of the professors to a group standing about him and watching Henry, who was at that moment being introduced to the Darnleighs.

He saw before him two girls, one a beauty, who had been kind to his brother and to whom that brother was greatly attached.

As for Julia, the ground for a moment seemed to reel beneath her feet, she felt as if choking, stifling sensation and went through the introduction stiffly. For the life of her, she couldn't lift her eyes from the ground for several moments, no, not if death had been the penalty, could she have faced the object of her girlish dreams and Philip Westworth's scorn.

Henry had no time to notice her until she had quite recovered herself, for Chatty was telling him how glad she was to see him, that they already knew him through Edward, that she hoped he would enjoy the day and with a glance at Philip's sneering face, hoped they would get well acquainted before he went back to school.

They went over to a seat under the trees but Chatty feeling bound to attend to some thing in another part of the grounds insisted on Philip accompanying her and in spite of his annoyance he was obliged to go. Edward went also and Henry and Julia were left alone.

"You don't look like I had pictured you, Miss Darnleigh," said Henry, "forgive me, but if we hear a great deal of a person we are apt to wonder what they look like and even to make pictures of them in our mind, but I must say," added the gallant young fellow, "that although I had heard a great deal of your beauty you far exceed my picture. Edward has sketched a picture of you, you should see it," breaking into a laugh at the recollection, "I wouldn't stand such a caricature, Miss Darnleigh."

Julia's laugh ended in a burning blush. "Did Henry know that she had his picture?" But he was an easy and graceful talker and they were soon on the best of terms.

Oh time, with all your shadows and sunlight, with your pain and your gladness, you cannot shut out some things from our memories and our hearts, moments that we will remember as long as we live, that will shed an influence over all our future acts, and a radiance over our hearts in times of deepest loneliness, times when the ideal seemed real, when heaven seemed open and our hearts were full of its light and joy. You can not take this away, time, whatever you in future deny.

This day was a bright spot in the lives of this eighteen-year old girl and twenty-one-year-old boy, one to which in after years they looked back. They were together all day; Philip's covert sneers and dark frowns had no effect for they looked into each other's eyes and seemed to mutually understand.

They walked among the trees, danced together, and afterward went down to a stream which was at the back of the grounds and paddled around in a little boat which they found tied there. He told her of his life at Baxter and Chatty's and with many amusing little reminiscences of his studies, of his hopes for the future, of his ambition to be a great lawyer, and, with a look at the drooping lashes, he told her how much harder he would try now, while Julia bent so far over the edge of the skill to watch the ripples that she was in imminent danger and had to be recalled by Henry taking her hand and drawing her a little further from the dangerous edge.

How they got to talking of each other no body knows, but they did, he told her of Edward's talk to him about her, his writing long rhapsodies on her and then added that the half had not been told him by his brother. While she had blushed and laughed and returned to the ripples then told him how much she loved Edward, to which he expressed a wish that she would like his brother also, the sky rascal, which caused more blushing and laughing and altogether they were very, very happy, and foolish, of course.

How a cynic would have scoffed and sneered, and mature persons who hadn't lost their young heart with their years, would have nodded and smiled and called it youthful, but natural, and wouldn't last long or hurt much, then looked at their spouses engaged with dinner baskets and tobacco or deep in the merits of croquet and chicken raising, looking altogether real, nothing romantic about them, and sigh at the thought of some memory tucked away as rubbish beneath a whole pile of stern facts.

But nothing can last and the day was drawing to a close, but how had it passed with Edward and where was he?

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT]

CATARIN CURED, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50c. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

What Parents Fear. Many persons—especially parents—object to many cough nostrums as likely to engender or encourage a love for strong drink. They are right. Better die of disease than of drunkenness. The use of Parker's Tonic does not involve this danger. It not only builds up the system, curing all ailments of the stomach, liver and kidneys, but it stimulates without intoxicating and absolutely cures the appetite for liquor.

"Rough on Rats" clears out rats and mice. 15c. "Rough on Corns" for Corns and Bunions. 15c. This people, "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, &c. 50c.

"Rough on Toothache" gives instant relief. 15c. Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

"Buchu-palla," great kidney and urinary cure. Files, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

"Rough on Coughs," cures, 15c; Liquid, 25c. For children, slow in development, puny and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

"Rough on Dentist's Tooth Powder." Try it. 15c. Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Sexual Debility cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." 50c.

Mother Swan's Worm Syrup, for feverishness, worms, constipation, teething, &c. 25c.

Stinging, Irritation, all Kidney and Urinary complaints cured by "Buchu-palla." 50c.

An acute half hour three times a day with a "Home Comfort" Wrought Iron Range in the kitchen is all that is required to prepare the most substantial meal without fatigue. These celebrated Ranges are sold only from WAGONS by our authorized salesmen, none making headquarters at Somerset. Yours truly,

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

That Dirty Dandruff. Dandruff is dirty and disagreeable in every way. It soils the clothing continually and is accompanied by a hardly less annoying sensation of itching. The scalp is diseased. There is nothing in the world so thoroughly adapted to this trouble as Parker's Hair Brum. It cleanses and heals the scalp, stops the falling hair and restores its original softness, gloss and color. It is not only, highly perfumed, an elegant dressing. Very economical, as only a small occasional application keeps the hair in perfect condition.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure." For sale by Penny & McAlister.

ITCH curable in 30 minutes by Wolford's Salicylic Lotion. This never fails. Sold by Penny & McAlister, Druggists, Stanford; also by M. C. & D. N. Williams, Mt. Vernon.

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this county we would say that we have been given the agency of Dr. March's Italian Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50 cents a box. No cure, no pay. Penny & McAlister, Druggists.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

We emphatically guarantee Dr. March's Catholicism, a female remedy, to cure Female Diseases, such as ovarian troubles, inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and displacement or bearing down feeling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of Life, Leucorrhoea, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like Headache, Bloating, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by druggists. Price \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle. Send to Dr. March, Utica, N. Y., for pamphlet, free. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Druggists.

Suburban Land For Sale!

NINETY-FIVE ACRES BLUE-GRASS LAND in suburbs of Stanford for sale. A part of old Hahn place. To be sold as a whole or in parcels to suit purchasers. For particulars apply to

W. G. WEICH, or

E. T. ROCHESTER.

HALE'S WELL,

OPENS JUNE 1st.

This health-giving Summer Resort will be under my management this season, and as it is entirely re-fitted and re-furnished, I can promise my patrons as well as health, as well as pleasure. Our motto is "Good Material, good meals, 50c. Use of double cottages, 75c. per week. Will have a conveyance at the depot to suit passengers."

A. L. SPOONMORE.

"St. Mary's Saw Mills"

AND LUMBER YARD.

On top of the Knobs, close by J. Carter's Grocery Store.

FOOTE & WHEELER, Proprietors.

For all kinds of general Lumber, Shingles, &c., Builders and others can find a better market to suit themselves. Our motto is "Good Material, Reasonable Rates." Postoffice address, Halls Gap, Ky.

THORNDALE BOY!

Four years old, registered No. 11175 in the A. J. C. C. Book will serve owners at \$5. His sire is Thorndale 24, g. s. Balsa 230; g. g. s. St. Martin, Imp. 5, 1952 and dam is Julia Ingleside No. 1422, g. s. Betty Ingleside, No. 814, Nora Imp. 389, Satisfactory 389; Sire Baron 1274, Louisa 324, 290; Victoria Imp. 424, Louisa Imp. 708.

J. G. CARPENTER.

Stanford, Ky.

ICE! ICE! ICE!

I will deliver ice to regular customers in Stanford and vicinity every morning at

ONE CENT PER POUND

Accounts due at the close of each month, or when customer quits.

R. E. BARROW.

LUMBER!

Dressed Pine Flooring, Ceiling, Weather Boards, Finishing Lumber, Green Lumber in the Rough, including Laths and Shingles.

For the convenience of our customers in Stanford and vicinity we have arranged with Geo. D. Heeren to keep on his yard an assortment of our Lumber, where they can get it as cheap as our direct. He will also make estimates for any bills not on hand, which we will fill on short notice.

MELVIN & DAVIS.

Lily, Ky.

Masonheimer's Restaurant

—OPPOSITE COURT-HOUSE—

DANVILLE. - - - KENTUCKY.

Meals are served at all hours. Game always on hand and in its season, oysters fresh fish, and similar delicacies served in all styles, and at short notice. Look out for the sign "Woodbine Restaurant" and call when you are hungry.

E. W. MASONHEIMER & Co.,

Danville, Ky.

HOME COMFORT

RANGE

THE NEW

WROUGHT IRON RANGE

1901 Washington Ave.

St. Louis, Mo.

In the complaint concerning our cooks, which never seems to a man as the years go by, but on the contrary seems to swell in volume, we wonder it has not occurred to many of those who find use of our range that it is required to prepare the most substantial meal without fatigue. These celebrated Ranges are sold only from WAGONS by our authorized salesmen, none making headquarters at Somerset. Yours truly,

WROUGHT IRON RANGE Co.,

St. Louis, Mo.

CHAMPO!

The fine imported Norman stallion, will make the season of 1885 at the stable of J. M. Wray, at "Pink Cottage," 1 1/2 miles from Stanford.

AT \$15 THE SEASON,

Or \$25 to insure a Colt.

Champo is a dark gray, 17 1/2 hands high, weighs 1,600 pounds and is 5 years old and the 29th of May next. He is of fine style and action, good in the hind, well ribbed and large body, with well-shaped shoulders; head and neck well set on. He was imported by G. W. Stahlstedt & Co., of Bloomington, Ill., September 14, 1882.

We will also stand at the same place our fine young Jack.

BOSTON!

At \$10 for a Living Colt. Boston is a beautiful black, 14 1/2 hands high, was foaled November 10, 1879, and is by West End, he by Warrior, his dam by Jim Porter, first dam 200 Fly, by a Mammoth and Warrior Jack.

Pasture furnished at reasonable rates, but will not be responsible for accidents should any occur.

W. RAY & WAREFIELD.

GILT EDGE!

This fine young saddle stallion I have concluded to reserve a limited number of mares at the low price of

TEN DOLLARS!

Which money I will expend on his education after the season is over by placing him in the hands of some good saddle horse man, only to steady him in his gait, for he has been naturally expert to exhibit him at the Fairs. Gilt Edge is 3 years old this spring, dark bay or brown, 15 1/2 hands high and a perfect model in form. He was sired by one of the noted old Denmark family, Levi Hubbs's 6th Time; 1st dam by one of the grandest horses ever known in any country, Cabot's Old Lexington, a horse that has taken more premiums than get more good horses than any known horse; and several other times. He should not let the strains of these two families run down. His 2d dam was by Faulkner's Young America. Uncle Peter Gentry says he was the best breeder that ever stood in Boyle county. Third dam by Taylor's Messenger.

STEVE WALKER!

This fine young Jack will also make the season of 1885 at my stable, one mile from Stanford on the Hustonville pike, at

\$8 to insure a Living Colt.

Steve Walker is a brown with white points, 13 hands high, 4 years old and said by good Jack to be one of the finest bred Jacks in Kentucky. Has actions like a horse, quick and sure. If you patronize us we will promise not to detain you long on the Jack's account.

J. E. & J. R. FARRIS.

Abdallah Glenco!

Will make the season of 1885 at my stable, 2 1/2 miles south of Hustonville, on the Hustonville & Liberty road. Abdallah Glenco is by Joe Elmo, No. 3450, trial 227, record 2434. (D. C. S. sold for \$2,000 the past winter.) Review record 2,254; Lancers' record 2,033 and Mark Wakefield, pacer, trial 2,250. Joe Elmo is by St. Louis, 2nd dam by Alexander's Abdallah, 15 by Byrd's Hambletonian, No. 10. Joe Elmo is 1st dam by Manbrino Messenger. Abdallah Glenco's 1st dam, by Willie D. (by Foreigner, by Imp. Glenco) 2d dam Bettie C. by Cunningham's Copper Bottom; 3d dam Minerva Duncan, by Imp. Buckner, (by Foreigner). Willie D.'s dam Starlight by Cherokee, (by Imp. Tumbo). Abdallah Glenco's colts are fine and large and good movers, both in and out of harness. I have one of his colts that trotted 1,200 yards on a 300-yard circle at the rate of 2:40, timed by G. M. Givens, Hustonville, Ky., and without a hand. I also have another that is about as good. Here is a combination of the best trotting and running colts in existence. Abdallah Glenco has had but little training but trotted on Hatching's 400-yard track in Boyle county, Ky., which he won in 2:43. (Six weeks ago.) He will do well to examine for horse and colts before leaving elsewhere. He is a beautiful brown, 15 1/2 hands high, superior bone and make. Stand by the small sign of \$10 The Season or \$12.50 to insure a Living Colt. I will also stand up to my knees.

Bob M'Elroy

At \$10 to insure. Bob M. is 15 1/2 hands high with meaty nose and a No. 1 breeder. Got by the E. C. Campbell, he by Robinson's Lancers, by Imp. Manbrino.

Not responsible for accidents or escapes, but mares left with me will be well cared for on reasonable terms. (2nd-3rd.) E. S. POWELL.

NOBBY!

The sire of trotters and rollers and more fancy and first-class Eastern horses than any other stallion in Kentucky, will make the season of 1885 at my stable, one mile from Stanford on the Knobs Pike, and will be permitted to serve mares at the extremely low price of

\$20 The Season or \$30 to Insure.

Grass furnished at \$2 per month. Due care will be taken to prevent accidents or escapes, but will not be responsible should any occur.

Description and Pedigree—Nobby is a jet black with star in forehead and two white feet. He is 14 1/2 hands high, fine bone and tall, good, long leg, beautiful head and neck, excellent shoulder, back and loins, fast, faultless in symmetry, and without guarantee there doesn't live a stallion possessed of a better disposition, and these qualities he invariably imparts to his progeny. As an example, he will produce very fast horses when crossed on good mares; the fact that some of his very speediest colts are trotting but a few weeks old, is a recommendation. This of itself is conclusive proof that the seed comes from the sire. Nobby was sired by Garrard Child, the sire of Gail Duke, 283; Manbrino Hippo 2,224; Red Creek 2,234; Bill Art 2,34; Garrard Child by Manbrino Child, 2nd dam by Aratus; 3rd dam by Hambletonian; 4th dam by Diomedes; Nobby's dam a thoroughbred mare, said to be by Imp. Tumbo.

Parting with mare will forfeit the insurance in all cases.

C. L. CROW,

Stanford, Ky.

I will also stand a FINE YOUNG JACK that

will be permitted to serve a few good mares at \$10 to insure. This Jack will be two years old the 24th of September, is 14 1/2 hands high. He was sired by Billy and was taken to California. He is the brother of the 1,100 pound jack owned by Mr. Peyton Embree. (2nd-3rd.) C. L. C.

A Grand Combination

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL

—And the Louisville—